

C98-S1

University of Toronto

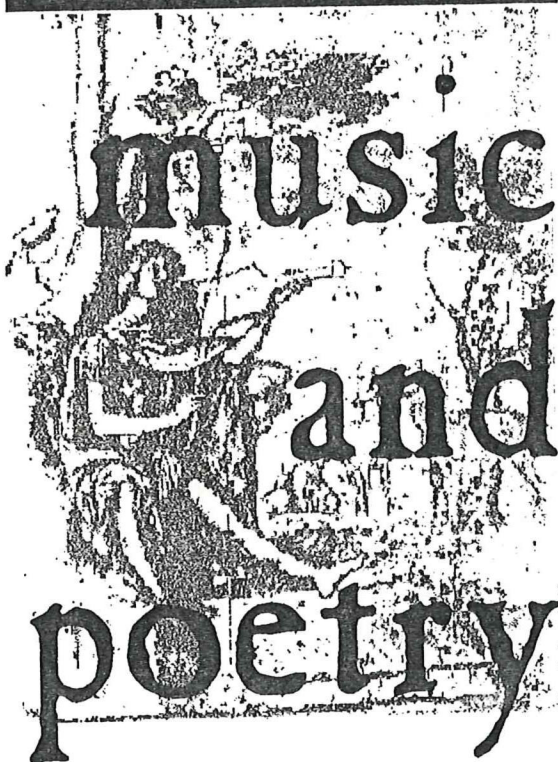
Faculty of Music

12:10pm

Walter Hall

29 October 1998

Thursday Noon Series



Programme

THE TRUE CONCORD OF WELL-TUNED SOUNDS: SETTINGS OF SHAKESPEARE - a talk in two parts by Prof. Eric Domville.

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, op. 67 (1918)

Richard Strauss
(1864 - 1949)

I. Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern
nun

II. Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag

III. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss

Catherine Marguerite Robin, soprano
John Hawkins, piano

SIDE II

Three Songs from William Shakespeare (1953)

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

- I. Music to hear
- II. Full fathom five
- III. When daisies pied

Cynthia Won, mezzo soprano
Stephen Tam, flute
Maria Gacesa, clarinet
Natasha Sharko, viola

It was a Lover and His Lass

(ca. 1600)

Thomas Morley
(1557 - 1602)
arranged by John Hawkins

Catherine Marguerite Robin, soprano
Cynthia Won, mezzo soprano
Stephen Tam, flute
Maria Gacesa, clarinet
Natasha Sharko, viola
John Hawkins, harpsichord

Future Music and Poetry lecture/concerts:

14 Jan 99 - Excerpts from **Pierrot Lunaire** by Arnold Schoenberg and a new work by Erik Ross. Cora Lee Paddock, sprechstimme and soprano; Faculty of Music Ensemble; John Hawkins, conductor; Prof. Mark Sallmen, commentator. This event is part of the University of Toronto New Music Festival.

25 Mar 99 - **La courte paille** (Maurice Carême) by Francis Poulenc. Mary Bella, soprano; John Hawkins, piano; Prof. Eric Domville, commentator.

All lecture concerts are on Thursdays at 12:10 in Walter Hall.

Drei Lieder der Ophelia- Richard Strauss

Hamlet- Act IV, scene 5

I.

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb
vor andern nun?
An den Muschelhut und Stab
und den Sandalschuhn.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
ihm zu Fuss ein Stein.

O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiss wie Schnee,
viel liebe Blumen trauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe nass, o weh!
vor Liebesschauern.

II.

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,
so früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
will Euer Valentin sein.

Der junge Mann tut hosen an,
tät auf die Kammertür,
liess ein die Maid, die als Maid
ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's, wenn er kann,
fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.

How should I your true-love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day.
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donned his clo'es
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't.
By Cock, they are to blame.

Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
verspricht Ihr mich zu frein.

Ich bräch's auch nicht beim Sonnenlicht,
wärest du nicht kommen herein.

III.

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss,
leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoss-
fahr wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,
der mir gefällt-

und kommt er nimmermehr?

Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Totbett geh;
er kommt dir nimmermehr.
Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee,
sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh
und mit allen Christenseelen!
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

(German translation by Karl Simrock)

Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.'

He answers:

'So would I 'a' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.'

They bore him barefaced on the bier

And in his grave rained many a tear-
Fare you well, my dove!

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again?

No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy deathbed;

He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.

God 'a' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God.
God bye you.

Three Songs from William Shakespeare- Stravinsky

I.

Sonnet No. 8

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

II.

The Tempest- Act I, scene 2

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them- Ding-dong bell.

III.

Love's Labour's Lost- Act V, scene 2

When daisies pied and violets blue
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
And ladysmocks all silver white
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

It Was a Lover and His Lass- Thomas Morley

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In springtime, the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In springtime, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, &c.

(Words incorporated by Shakespeare in
As You Like It.)